THE

UTILITY OF CLASSICAL STUDIES,

AN ADDRESS:

By N. C. BROOKS, A.M.

THE

UNCERTAINTY OF LITERARY FAME,

A POEM:

By C. W. THOMSON, Esq.

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE

PHILOMATHÆAN SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE,

AT GETTYSBURG, PA. ON THE ANNIVERSARY, FEBRUARY 14, 1840.

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PHILOMATHÆAN SOCIETY

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BY NATHAN COVINGTON BROOKS, A.M.

PHILOMATHÆAN HALL, *February 14th*, 1840.

N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Sir,—The Philomathæan Society of Pennsylvania College, being highly gratified with the very learned and truly eloquent address delivered on the evening of the ninth anniversary, have authorised the undersigned committee to tender you their sincere acknowledgments, and respectfully solicit a copy for publication.

Very respectfully,

Yours, &c.

GEORGE S. FOUKE,
HENRY BAKER,
JOHN C. GRAEFF,
WILLIAM B. McCLELLAN,
E. BREIDENBAUGH,
W. McMILLAN,

Committee of Arrangement.

McCLELLAN'S HOTEL, *February 14th*, 1840.

GENTLEMEN:

I have received your note conveying the sentiments and wishes of the Philomathæan Society, relative to the address which was delivered this evening, and in placing the copy at your disposal, have only to regret that it is not more worthy the occasion and your expressions of approbation.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

N. C. BROOKS.

To Messrs. GEORGE S. FOUKE,
HENRY BAKER,
JOHN C. GRAEFF,
WM. B. McCLELLAN,
E. BREIDENBAUGH,
W. McMILLAN,

Committee of Arrangement.

ADDRESS.

THE genius of the present age is utilitarian. The inventive faculty is taxed to the utmost for the applications of science to the different mechanic arts; commercial enterprise seeks to open new avenues of trade; manual labor is abridged; hidden sources of wealth are evolved; the physical wants of man are supplied, and his bodily comfort promoted.

But while the acquisition of wealth is thus rendered easy, and time and resources are provided for a more extensive cultivation and refinement of the intellectual faculties, it is to be regretted that opulence is regarded as an end, rather than a means, of happiness; and accordingly all the energies of the mind are absorbed in a base passion for wealth—ambitious luxury, and vulgar display. The discoveries of science—the investigations of philosophy, the power and pathos of oratory, and the inspirations of song, are all valued in proportion as they minister to lucre, and are converted into gold by the alchymy of the times.

> "Omnis enim res
> Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris
> Divitiis parent."

At a time when Avarice denounces every thing that does not contribute to sordid gain, and when the aspirations of the higher instincts of the soul, are disregarded for the gratifications of the corporeal nature, as if man was designed for nothing nobler than animal enjoyment, I have deemed the utility of Classical Learning an appropriate theme, on the present occasion, for profitable reflections; as it will be in accordance with the spirit of a society which, in its name and its object, professes the love of learning.

The mind of man, asserting its immortality, and refusing to be bound by the narrow confines of the corporeal senses, would embrace the mysterious future and the mighty past, and while it dreams of personages and events yet to be, hold communion with the great men and high deeds of ancient days. And if it be natural to linger with soul-absorbing interest over the canvas or marble which has preserved the features and form of departed worth and genius, it is no less interesting to contemplate, through their own writings, or the writings of others, the deathless spirit by which the features and the form were animated.

> Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa,
> Quam per vatis opus, mores, animique virorum
> Clarorum apparent.

The classic compositions of Greece and Rome then, not only challenge our admiration and regard, by the sublimity of their truths, and the purity of their moral precepts, but as perpetual models of taste and judgement, and as having come down to us with all the charms, and mellowed glories of venerable antiquity.

No one is so barbarous as to be opposed to all knowledge. Some cultivation is necessary to meet the wants and obligations of society in its humblest grades; and those who are loudest in the decrial of classical learning, do not refuse to attribute much utility to mathematical study, as affording practical knowledge, and as a means of strengthening the intellect and fitting it for a discharge of the duties of life. It will certainly be conceded that the study of the Mathematics, improves the reasoning faculty and induces a kind of mechanical precision in the arrangement of affairs and the performance of duties,—but that improvement is at the expense of the other mental powers—that precision is the dull round of the horse in the bark-mill, in opposition to the activity of the courser or the generous spirit of the war-steed.

In the study of the mathematics, the mind is restricted to few ideas, and those of the most barren nature; the genius is repressed; the imagination restrained; the understanding limited, and the heart contracted—while at the same time, the disposition, induced by the study, to reject every thing that does not admit of a

positive demonstration, withholds the assent from all the sublime mysteries of faith, and promotes a general skepticism. The attempt, too, to carry out in the social and political world the abstract truths of the mathematics, where principles are to be estimated by their consequences, must ever be attended with inconvenienee, danger and unhappiness. And from the days of Epicurus, who maintained the atomic theory, down to the present time, the exclusive study of the mathematics and philosophy has had a tendency to lead weak minds into Atheism. The fruit of the tree of knowledge has been drugged with death. Finding the universe one vast assemblage of mathematical truths, they mistake them for the principles of things—recognize nothing beyond secondary causes, refuse to behold the Deity behind the circle and triangle—God becomes nothing more than the properties of bodies; in the beautiful language of Chateaubriand, the very chain of numbers robs them of the grand Unity.

> "This truth, Philosophy, though eagle-eyed,
> In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
> And having found his instrument, forgets
> Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still
> Denies the power that wields it."

On the contrary, it is the natural tendency of literary studies, by enlivening the imagination, and creating a passion for the sublime and beautiful, to elevate the soul to the contemplation of that august MAJESTY, from whom every thing that is grand and glorious, has emanated.

In the organization of the human frame every limb and muscle has its proper use; and the well-being of the whole depends upon a due exercise of the parts—and that system of gymnastics will ever be considered the most perfect which promotes the strength and activity of the several members of the body. The mind in like manner is composed of a number of faculties with their appropriate spheres of action; and that exercise is best calculated to strengthen, improve, ennoble and beautify it, which brings into healthy and vigorous play all its diversified powers. Away! then with the miserable folly and wickedness which would enjoin the

cultivation of the reason and judgement alone, and the deadening and annihilation of the finer powers of that mind which is the inspiration of the Almighty God—the imagination, the perceptions and the sensibilities. Is there any one so impious as to tax creative wisdom with forming faculties that are unnecessary—so dull as to question the duty of cultivating them, or so insensate as not to feel that the most exquisite delight is to be derived from their exercise? Who would exchange for mathematical abstractions—for all the meagre ideas derived from a consideration of the properties of circles and triangles, the pleasures of the imagination alone? which from nothing can call into being ideal worlds clothed with beauty,—and, unrestrained by time and distance, be versant with all scenes and present in all places—that etherial faculty, which is a lively symbol of the Deity in his omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence.

The study of the mathematics then, although affording much knowledge of a practical nature, can never be of exclusive importance, inasmuch as it is at best, but a partial exercise of the mind. The study of the Greek and Latin classics, exercises in common with the reasoning faculty, all the other powers, greatly increases the stock of general knowledge, gives scope, and freedom of thought, quickens the sensibilities of the soul; by noble examples and generous precepts, fills it with lofty impulses, and merges the love of self in the love of country, or in the wider charities of all human kind. And while the man who has limited his views and feelings to numbers alone, may be expert to calculate interest or usury, and to accumulate a large fund from which he will scarcely permit himself to draw—or, like Archimedes, buried in mathematical abstractions, be unconscious of his country's danger, the man whose breast has been formed by liberal studies, will live less for himself than others—and in the day of peril, obeying the call of honor, stand in the front rank of the battle plain.

I consider the study of the Languages superior to any other mental exercise in disciplining the mind. It tends to fix the attention, invigorate and enliven the memory, and promote

reflection and discrimination. The ordinary exercise of translation, where the import of each word is modified by those with which it stands connected, demands considerable mental effort; but to be enabled to resolve subtleties of construction, perceive the force or delicacy of expression and minute shades of meaning in a sentence—distinguish the poetic style from the prose, the conversational from the rhetorical—and to discriminate between the idiomatic and general use of words, the obvious and figurative, the vulgar and elegant, and to render them in an appropriate and graceful manner, requires more severe and chastening thought, and cannot fail to improve the memory, the taste and the judgement.

And while the study of the classics is as efficient as the study of the mathematics in strengthening the intellect—and even more extended in its sphere of action, it has certain advantages peculiar to itself. When the student is pursuing the science of numbers, he acquires no other knowledge, while, on the contrary, he who is prosecuting the study of the Greek and Latin tongues, at the same time that his mind is thoroughly disciplined, becomes acquainted with the principles of grammar, criticism, rhetorick, history, philosophy, morals and civil polity—and they will be more firmly impressed upon the memory from the exercise connected with them.

No one, I presume, will question the value of these acquisitions. Speech is the high prerogative of him whom the Deity has placed at the head of creation; and its dignity and usefulness alike require that the arts should be cultivated which tend to promote its copiousness, significancy, force, purity, harmony and beauty. A better understanding of the philosophy of language in general, and of grammatical construction, will be obtained from a knowledge of Greek and Latin, which have enriched with so many valuable additions the English tongue, than by the study of the vernacular—and for the same reason rhetorick and criticism will be better learned by a contemplation of those beautiful and sublime compositions which have been the admiration of ages, and the copious sources from which modern genius has derived its richest treasures.

Nothing can be more interesting and instructive than the historical records which have been bequeathed to us by the writers of Greece and Rome—representing, as they do, the simplicity of the early ages—the daring of the heroic—the triumphs of brute force, and the still wider empire of mind—with all the varied changes that have marked the social and intellectual progress of man.

The systems of Philosophy which they unfold, it must be admitted, are in many respects erroneous, but their labors, though imperfect, are worthy of admiration, when we consider their limited means of investigation, and the want of guides to direct their way. Few discoveries or inventions are complete at first, yet I believe all generous minds will assign pre-eminence to the great, original genius of the discoverer or projector rather than the subordinate capacity of him who has carried out his suggestions. Profiting by the labors and investigations of centuries, the moderns have only developed more fully the systems of the ancients that were true, and corrected the errors of those that were imperfect. The system of Pythagoras laid the foundation of the true solar system. Thales computed solar eclipses. Meton invented the golden number. Aristarchus taught the diurnal and annual revolutions of the earth. Hipparchus invented an astrolabe, and determined with considerable correctness the solar year, the precision of the equinoxes and the eccentricity of the sun's orbit. Besides astronomy, they were respectable in the mathematics, as the Elements of Euclid and other works will establish—in mechanics, in natural history and dynamics.

Those who maintain that the moderns are wiser than their fathers, should not forget their ancient fathers from whom they received, at least, the elements of knowledge. I believe there is scarcely any thing valuable in modern philosophy, of which we do not find a hint in the writings of Greece and Rome. Newton's apple, with all the stir it has made in the world, appears to me as fabulous as those of the garden of the Hesperides. It is more likely that the idea of gravitation was the result of an impression made upon his *censorium* by the works of Lucretius, than any

violence done to his external *caput* by the fall of an apple. The student who reads the *De Natura Rerum*, will find that Lucretius tries to controvert the philosophic doctrine of gravitation, commonly held in his day. But, however inferior they may be in physics to the moderns, it is certain that they hold precedence, in morals, over all those who have attempted to establish a system independent of the Bible.

The morality which they teach, although it has not the claims of immediate inspiration, will contribute to imbue the heart with virtuous principles, while it informs the mind. The social and personal duties of man, and his duty to the supreme intelligence of the universe, are all enforced by apposite illustrations, dignified examples, pathetic admonitions and cogent arguments. Indeed, in the early stages of christianity, the writings of some of the Stoics and Peripatetics were so highly estimated, that the reading of them, constituted a part of the exercises in the church; and at the present day, it appears to me that it might, often, be more profitable to listen to these sages who inculcate purity and piety by a dignified illustration of their reasonableness and conduciveness to felicity, than the strong declamations of those who seek to enforce them by appeals to the slavish principle of fear alone.

The ideas of civil polity derived from the study of the ancient languages, in which we note the social compact rising from its rude elements, and assuming the grandest and most complicated forms, cannot fail to be a large addition to the store of useful and practical knowledge.

Thus it will be seen, that the study of the languages, while it invigorates all the faculties of the mind, and fits it for long and vigorous action, at the same time imparts varied and useful information to subserve the purposes of life. Neither will it be conceded that it is less favorable to order and regulation of the heart than the Mathematics—surely the order and fitness of things can be as well estimated, when the heart is formed by the consistency of sentences and the harmony of poetic numbers, as when it is

formed by the relations and harmony of arbitrary signs. Purity of morals must always be promoted by a refined taste in literature.

At the same time that I deny the exclusive or pre-eminent claims of the mathematics, I do not wish it to be understood that I consider they have no claims, at all, upon attention. Some knowledge of figures is indispensable in every condition of life; and the higher branches of the mathematics have contributed to subject the earth to man's control, and have brought down even the heavens to his comprehension—yet I would not have them intemperately pursued to the exclusion of more *humane* studies, but would earnestly recommend that their sternness be relieved by the graces of literature, and that the decisions of the cool head be carried out by the enthusiasm of the warm heart, which it is the peculiar province of letters to enkindle. The most perfect mental training requires a happy blending of the two studies.

I would not insist that all persons should study the Classics. Education should be modified by circumstances and the intended pursuits of life. The time, means and ability of many persons, are unfavorable to the acquisition of the learned languages, while they would be, if acquired, of but little practical use in their peculiar avocations. Unnecessary to the mere operative who has not time to devote to them, and to the man of dull genius who has not mind to devote to them, the classics are indispensable to the statesman, the professional man, the artist, the critic, the writer and the man of leisure,—in short, wherever we require the noblest exhibitions of the noblest faculties of the soul.

The Statesman who would be distinguished as the benefactor of his country, must study the classics in order to imbue his mind with wholesome knowledge. He must take a comprehensive view of civil polity, and go back to society in its rude state, and behold government resolved into monarchy, oligarchy or democracy, by the peculiar genius of a people. In the institutions of antiquity, organized in these different forms, he will be enabled to trace the action of their leading principles—see the advantages or defects of their civil and criminal codes, and the

propriety or inappropriateness of the forms in which justice was administered—observe the means established for the maintenance of just power over the governed, and the checks against the abuse of it by those governing—the provisions made for their continuance, defence or extension—investigate the wise measures by which they flourished, and the errors that wrought their declension and final overthrow—and from the whole educe those great principles which secure the glory and stability of well-constituted states, and advance the cause of rational liberty and true happiness.

Nor will it be sufficient for him to read only the histories of these nations. To form a just idea of their policy, he must fully comprehend the character of the people; and to enable him to do this, it will be necessary to read their orators and poets. Plato said, with great truth, to Dionysius, that to understand the Athenian republic it was necessary to read the plays of Aristophanes. Indeed the oratory and tragedy of the Greeks is a mirror that reflects their noble sentiments, their civil and religious policy, as their comedy does their vices and their follies. The great advantages resulting to the statesman, from the study of the languages, are to be perceived on reading the works of Montesquieu, and the Federalist by our own countryman, Hamilton, and noting how much the precepts and examples of antiquity have contributed to perfect the two noblest charters of freedom in the world—the English constitution and the constitution of the United States.

Although the acquisition of a liberal education was attended with great expense and inconvenience in colonial times, yet its importance was so highly estimated that every obstacle to its accomplishment was surmounted. Of the immortal band who signed the Declaration of Independence, there were but ten who did not receive a classical education; and the secretary, Charles Thomson, has left a memorial both of his learning and his piety, in a translation of the Bible from the Septuagint. The minds of these worthies were enlightened, expanded and sublimated by the generous studies of their youth; and we find them laying a foundation of liberty, broad as the earth itself, as if they

were legislating, not merely for the good of their own country, but of the whole world. If we contrast their high-bred courtesy, and liberal policy, with the rude violence and low aims of modern legislation, where the good of the country is abandoned for party or personal aggrandizement, we cannot but regret that the claims of wisdom and learning are so often set aside by the intrigues of the demagogue.

To the DIVINE the study of the classics will be of peculiar interest and profit, as it will be subservient to his professional studies. In the original Greek of the New Testament, and the Septuagint of the Old, he will find a comprehensiveness of meaning, a fullness, force and beauty of style, that it is impossible for our language to convey—and surely no one who contemplates ministering in holy things, should consider any labor unnecessary which will ensure a fuller aequaintance with the oraeles of divine truth. In the writings, also, of the fathers, Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, Origen and Gregory, the early expounders and defenders of Christianity, he will meet with the most beautiful illustrations, and powerful proofs, of that glorious system which he is to hold up to the admiration and faith of the great family of mankind. I am aware, however, that there are those who are opposed to all human learning, as entirely useless, and trust to a mysterious illumination, to enable them to convince and persuade those whom they address. They are either deceived themselves, or seek to deceive others, and their conduct is as unreasonable and presumptuous as that of the husbandman who should expect a plenteous crop from Providence without sowing the necessary seed. Was Paul the less efficient because he was learned? Was he less able to meet the dogmas of the Talmudists, or the subtle disquisitions of the Greeks? Did not his learning and his eloquence, quickened by the spirit of the living God, enable him, as the great champion of Christianity, to defend her against the open attacks of her professed enemies, and the covert assaults of her pretended friends? Surely all will concede that sound and varied learning, places at the disposal of its possessor more liberal treasures of thought, to be drawn upon for argument, for illustration, for motive, in a

word, for moral effect. Since God has always been pleased to work by means, powerful thought and powerful utterance, when sanctified by grace, are not "carnal weapons, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds."

But there are other advantages of equal importance. He will behold prophane history confirming the Mosaic record—the creation—the fall and the deluge, faintly seen for ages through the mists of tradition, preserved at last against further obscuration, in the works of the ancient poets. In the temples and cercmonies of the heathen, he will perceive the universal idea of a creating and superintending Providence; and in the types of victims and oblations, recognize the great antetype, dimly shadowed forth, the Redeemer of the world. He will find the predictions of the truc religion confirmed by the oracles of the false, which, from being the instruments of imposture, were permitted to see the advent of him who was the "end of prophecy," and werc then silent forever—and will hear heathen lips, touched by the spirit of him who was to be the light of the gentiles, prophesy the benignant reign of the Prince of Peace.

Who, on reading the "Pollio" of Virgil, will not perceive that its sublimc beauties are kindred and parallel with the glories of the church as described by thc holy men of old, and acknowledge that

> "The sacred name
> Of poet and of prophet is the same."

And does not Plato in his "Republic," when treating of his divine man, speak of the qualifications, life and death of the Saviour, with as much distinctness as Isaiah himself? when he says "that he must be poor; and have sublime virtue as his only recommendation—that a wicked world would not rceeive him or hear his doctrines and reproofs—and that within three or four years, he would be persecuted, imprisoned, scourged and at last put to a cruel death." Will any onc doubt that he, whose pure spirit aspired after God, amid the solemn shades of Academus, was permitted, by him who is the spirit and thc life, to have a glimpse of immortality beyond the grave?

Nor will the exercise be unprofitable to trace the operations of the human mind, when unaided by revelation, to find out God; and to compare the different systems of philosophy and religion that preceded Christianity, with its sublime truths and exalted morals, and show its superior claims to all others.

The religion of the Greeks and Romans, like their glorious temples, is in ruins; and from the mutilated fragments which have come down to us, it will ever be impossible to rear again the structure, in its integrity and beauty. Yet enough remains to convince us, that when divested of its poetic fictions, and mythological mysteries, and the errors and corruptions which it suffered in the lapse of ages, that it once was remarkable for its unity and beauty, and calculated to exercise a salutary influence upon the hearts of men.

The Pelasgians, by the worship of oaks, testified their gratitude to him who thus provided them with sustenance until Orpheus, as legislator and pontiff, introduced a new religion, derived, probably, from Egypt, and sought to form their rude minds by loftier precepts. Some learned men have supposed that the gods of the ancients were nothing more than deified heroes—but this is an error, into which they have been led by the circumstance of different persons' assuming the names of the gods; and the actions of the first and the attributes of the latter have been strangely mingled by the fictions of the poets. Thus several hundred Jupiters have existed, to the utter confusion of the early ideas of that deity.

Although the remark of Cicero, relative to the mysteries, was correct, that they illustrated the nature of things, more than that of the gods—yet the visible creation was the only means which they had of ascertaining the nature of the divine essence. Their mysteries, however, though a mixture of physics and theology, taught the doctrines of a creating power, of providence, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Plutarch says—"The vulgar believe that nothing remains after death, but we, instructed as we are in the sacred rites of Ceres, and witnesses of her holy ceremonies, know there exists a future state."

The peculiar doctrines of their religion, when freed from allegory and fiction, will be found to embrace the following ideas: The existence of two principles from all eternity—the Demiurgic intelligence or active principle, MIND—and the passive principle, MATTER. From these two principles proceeded attributes or emanations which were characterized by particular names. Thus the power of the Demiurgic intelligence, which formed the universe, was denominated Vulcan—the wisdom which designed it, Minerva—the spirit which imparted heat and activity to it, Vesta; the goodness which sustained it, Hecate—and the justice which preserved it in order, Nemesis.

The modifications of the passive principle, or matter, were as follows: Pre-existent matter, Rhea—chaos, Latona—the birth of harmony, or the creation of the world, Venus—the variety of material formations, Proteus—and Pan, the Great Whole—the active and passive principles united—the vast universe, actuated by the great spirit which impresses motion on matter. Orpheus, the introducer and proper expounder of the theology of the Greeks, celebrates Pan as the Supreme God, the creator of all things—by whom, and out of whom, every thing was fashioned. These were the gods of the first order.

The gods of the second order, represented the system of the world—the elements—the earth—the sun and planets, with their influences, revolutions and phases. The conquests of Dionusos, or Bacchus, were the progress of the sun's course in the ecliptic; and the Muses, who are fabled to preside over music, were the spirits that regulated the motions of the sun and planets; for it was well known to the ancients, before the days of Pythagoras, that the solar system was formed on a musical scale. Originally three when but three spheres were contemplated; we may suppose the number to have been increased, to keep pace with the investigations of philosophy.

All these gods were represented as subject to destiny, which means nothing more than that they were all bound by certain inevitable laws that directed their revolutions. The battles of the gods and giants appear to have been convulsions of nature,

by earthquakes, internal fires and inundations—traces of which are to be found deforming the face of the whole earth.

The third order of their gods, represented the early history of man, his efforts in subduing the elements and making them minister to his wants, and the different exhibitions of the inventive genius. In worshipping these, by which the earth was cultivated, society was formed, and the arts and sciences established which embellish life, they referred the inspiration of these discoveries back to the great intelligence, and adored his wisdom and power as manifested in man. Thus Ceres and Bacchus, and the Cabiri and Hermes, had a worship peculiar to their claims upon the homage of the people.

Such was the religion of the Greeks and Romans; and while the vulgar forsook these divine abstractions for the fictions of the poets, and prostrated themselves to gods made in the likeness of men, the intelligent worshipper was inducted into the interior of the temple, and, initiated into the sublime mysteries of his religion, adored the supreme intelligence who created, ordered and sustained all things. And if he paid reverence to the different attributes of the divine majesty, singly, as to so many different spirits, still his worship, in the aggregate, was the same as if paid to him in whom all these attributes centred. The only difference between his worship and ours, was, that while he held a diversity of operations as carried on by different spirits, we agree with St. Paul that "there is a diversity of operations, but one spirit."

Nor will the piety of the young divine suffer by a perusal of the ancient classics. He will perceive that the degeneracy of the great nations of antiquity, is not to be attributed to their original religious systems, imperfect as they were, but to the neglect of them and to the errors and corruptions which deformed them, in the lapse of time. Horace, in lamenting the crimes and calamities of his country, ascribes them to this, while he refers her former power and glory to the god supreme, in language that would not be unworthy inspiration itself. "Romane Imperas, quod geris te minorem diis," is a sentiment equally just with that of the Bible, "Happy is the people, whose God is the Lord."

Well had it been for modern France, had she profited by the teachings of the heathen, in her former revolution, when she sought to establish empire by the deification of a courtezan, or in her latter, when she erased from her escutcheons the recognition of the ruler of nations, "By the grace of God," and impiously substituted "By the sovereignty of the people." In most of the classics he will find many passages of true divinity—breathing a spirit of the most pure and lofty piety. The hymns of Orpheus, Callimachus and Cleanthes, in dignity of thought and a holy breathing after God, are very little inferior to the inspired songs of the psalmist of Israel. The apostle Paul was suitably impressed with the force and beauty of the Greek poets, and made a quotation from the hymn of Cleanthes, in his memorable speech on the hill of Mars.

The Lawyer who would rise above the drawing of deeds and indentures, should be grounded in classical lore. To know the history of his profession, as well as deduce good maxims from the teachings of the past, he should be familiar with the ancient laws, and the forms of judicial procedure. The codes of the different Grecian lawgivers, and the Pandects of Justinian, will well repay a diligent perusal. Lucid order of arrangement, closeness of reasoning, and an agreeable fullness of language will be the natural result of classical study; while it will enable him further to understand the technicalities that are continually met with. The habit of deliberately studying the import of words and the construction of sentences, will be particularly serviceable to him in detecting a flaw in an indictment, or comprehending the phraseology of statutes whose import is obscure. Besides this, the noble examples with which he will become familiar, cannot fail to make him despise the trickery by which some strive to succeed, and order his conduct, whether at the bar or on the bench, according to those lofty principles which should ever actuate those who solicit or administer justice. The intrepidity of Demosthenes, when the dread of Philip shook all Athens, and the fearless disregard, evinced by Cicero, of the daggers of Cataline and Antony, contributed to form the generous spirit which flamed

forth from the lips of Mansfield, in the trial of Wilkes, and of more than one occupant of the bench in our own country.

As the nomenclature of all the sciences, is principally of Greek and Latin derivation, the languages will not be considered an inappropriate study to the PHYSICIAN; for, besides the pride that every professional man should feel to know the rise of his profession, motives of interest should induce him to consult the fathers of the medical art. The works of Hippocrates and Galen are the basis of modern practice, and the institutes for forming the physician, as given by the first, are of the most valuable kind.

Besides this, the physician is expected to be a man of general learning, and he will be frequently thrown into society where it will be required. Should he compose treatises, at any time, upon subjects connected with his profession, it will enable him to communicate his thoughts with freedom and ease, and relieve by the graces of style, the *tædium* of subjects of a dry and uninteresting nature. Should he be called upon to fill a professor's chair, it will promote the arrangement of ideas and fluency of speech.

In an especial manner it is incumbent upon the PROFESSORS of the FINE ARTS, to study the ancient classics. The imagination, fired by the graphic descriptions of languages noted for their majestic brevity and fullness of metaphors, which are as it were so many pictures, rises to the dignity of the pure ideal, and displays its powers in creations of the most sublime and beautiful kind. The truth of this will be evident on reading the lives of those who have been distinguished in the arts of design, and noting the prominence which letters have never failed to give those who cultivated them.

While the imagination is thus expanded, and a proper estimation of the works of art that have come down to us, ensured by a knowledge of the characters and events which they are intended to represent, it will be a delightful exercise to trace the history of painting and sculpture, from the monograph of the Athenian maid, by lamplight shadowing her lover on the wall, through all their gradations, to the highest efforts of art—the chef d'œuvres of Zeuxis, Apelles, Parrhasius, Phidias, Praxiteles and Apollo-

dorus. Besides this, the allegorical fictions of the Greeks and Romans, and the stirring events of their history, have furnished both ancient and modern artists with subjects of the most elevated character.

I presume it will not be necessary for me to say any thing in defence of arts that not merely embellish but ennoble, life—that commend themselves to the most tender affections and lofty sentiments of the soul. Is there any one so unfeeling that he does not revere the arts by which he can still enjoy the bland smile of her who watched over his infancy, when the pall has wrapped her features from his view, and they are laid in the solitude of the sepulchre?—arts which enable him to be a witness of deeds, immortal in fame as in influence, and imbibe their ennobling spirit. Pictures and statues representing great and glorious actions, subserve the noblest purposes. They are a kind of sublime writing addressed to the heart and filling it with lofty impulses. The statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, were a historical tablet which taught liberty to every passer by; and the heart of youth, as it stands by the pile on Bunker's Heights, and the noble shaft that is surmounted by the image of the Father of his Country, shall glow with patriotism, and burn with the desire of emulating the moral greatness and glory of WASHINGTON.

The study of the Classics will contribute to raise the ARCHITECT far above the mere operative in the profession. Imbibing from the works which describe their proportions and purposes of erection, the sentiments that gave rise to the magnificent structures of antiquity, he will excel in the structure of edifices, which at the same time that they subserve the interests of patriotism and piety, will be appropriate embellishments to our cities, attesting a sense of the dignity of the country, and of the majesty of Jehovah.

Although little advantage to the MUSICIAN, can result from the few pieces of ancient musical composition, yet the study of a language so soft and harmonious as the Greek, and stately as the Latin, must necessarily refine the taste and render the ear delicately sensible. Composers, like other professors of the liberal

arts, have been distinguished in proportion to their early educational training. To prove the importance of a science which teaches the true language of the affections, and is at once a source of the most exquisite delight, and an incentive to the highest exercise of the noblest feelings, would be, I am sure, a work of supererogation. All have felt the spells of love which music can weave around the heart—the Song of Callistratus re-called to the minds of the Athenians the generous patriots, Harmodius and Aristogiton, no less forcibly than did the marble of Praxiteles;* the MARSEILLES HYMN has ever been a pibroch of liberty; wherever the STAR SPANGLED BANNER is heard, there American bosoms are resolute in the defence of the stripes and stars of our ensign; and the aspirations of what breast have not gone up purer and holier, with the swell of the organ and chants of the choir, to the throne of the ETERNAL?

To no one is the study of the Classics more necessary than to the writer, and especially the CRITIC. He who has not studied the art of criticism in the works of Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, Longinus and Quintilian, and had his understanding improved, his conceptions elevated, and his fancy fired by a contemplation of the classic models of antiquity, until he is able himself,

"With no mid wing, to soar
Above th' Aonian mount,"

can never aspire to be the arbiter of taste and judgement, and adjust the even balances of thought, in weighing the beauties or deficiencies of any modern composition.

But as this is the age of empiricism, it is not strange that there exist some who think they can discharge the duties of a critic not only without learning, but without brains. These miserable pretenders, whose talents are fitted for nothing nobler than the wielding of a butcher's cleaver, or dealing out tape, assume the literary pruning knife and measure poetry by the foot, and having foisted themselves by the aid of money into the temple of Apollo, and mounted the tripod, full of any other inspiration than that of the god, give forth their profound oracles.

* Praxiteles executed their statues.

Wanting in delicacy of perception, nice discrimination, deep reasoning, practised judgement, and a happy versatility of style suited to every composition—in fine, all the essentials of a good critic, their disquisitions serve to illustrate the sense of the writer, less than their own want of sense; and while they seek to pass off flippancy for fullness of ideas, and assurance for independence of thought, their braying generally discovers the true nature of the animal beneath the assumed skin of the lion. Their praise is generally bestowed on labored dullness that cannot excite their envy—when on true merit it is with fawning sycophancy—while they hope to win distinction by attacks on the highest grade of intellect, like the mad fool who fired the temple of Ephesus for immortality.

Entertaining little idea of the responsibility or dignity of the office of a critic, they are venal and corrupt, influenced by passion and prejudice and guided by a sordid interest alone. These grisly porters of the literary Elysium are not, therefore, absolutely inexorable, if the aspirant is careful to carry, as prescribed by the Sybil, a twig of the "*aureus ramus*," and silence their barkings by the "medicatam offam" in the shape of a bribe. Learning is degraded by a tame endurance of such evils; and it is to be hoped that some Pope or Byron will arise, and with vigorous arm, sweep away these cobwebs that defile the temple of Literature.

In my censure of those who mistake the mud pools of defamation for the waters of Helicon, I do not wish it to be understood that I have not a just appreciation of the true critic—him who is the high priest of the Muses, the mystagogue who unfolds to the aspirant all the sublime mysteries of their temple—but he is formed of a finer mould, trained in a different school—of other feelings and nobler impulses—the man of talents—of taste—of learning.

To the MILITARY MAN the Classics will not be without interest and profit. He will obtain a knowledge of ancient tactics and castramentation, which, if not applicable to modern warfare, will make him familiar with the history of the art. In the wri-

tings of Zenophon, of Polybius, Sallust, Livy and Cesar, he will meet with much valuable information. Napoleon was a great admirer of the latter writer, and is said to have adopted his policy in many respects.

But a greater advantage derived from the study is, that it fosters a generous and patriotic spirit, so necessary to the due maintenance of just rights. The examples of magnanimous warriors, the eulogies of funeral orations, the monuments to great men by their grateful country, the embalming of their memory in song, all conspire to fan the flame of freedom, and awaken a glorious devotion to their country's good. The war-trump of Homer stirred the spirit of the young Alexander, and led him to the conquest of the world. I need not tell you that he carried the poems of the bard of Chios in the priceless casket which was found at Arbela, declaring that the most valuable treasure in the world deserved the richest depository; and that trump has excited the fervor of many an ingenuous breast since his time. How often has the noble speech of Pericles, over the slain at Marathon, and especially the following sentiment—"The whole earth is a monument to illustrious men—the inscription on a domestic tomb is not the only testimony of their virtue, but even in remote nations the memory of their glorious actions is engraven more deeply on the hearts of men, than on the marble at home," made the young student feel the force of the truth of the poet?

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Although attic elegance and refined sentiment might spoil the distinctive dialect of the tar, they cannot be considered inappropriate to him,

Who treads the monarch of the peopled deck.

While the periplus of ancient navigators—of Hanno, Nearchus and others—can be of no practical utility, they cannot be unpleasing to the NAVAL COMMANDER, as the origin of maritime enterprise. The accomplishments of a cultivated mind will add dignity to the station, at the same time that they provide their possessor with the means of liberal amusement as he is borne

o'er the waste of waters, and will fit him for animated and graphic descriptions of the countries and cities he may visit. The refinements of classic literature will furthermore temper the valor which they inspire with humanity, resentment with courtesy and honor—the prowess of the strong arm by the virtues of the generous heart.

A knowledge of the ancient languages will facilitate to the MERCHANT the aequisition of the modern, so necessary in the transaction of extensive mercantile connexions. It will prevent a bowing down of the spirit to money, as to a god, and give him a just relish for the elegancies of life; and, when his soul is satisfied with wealth, and he withdraws from the bustle of the world to quiet and solitude, it will enable him to enjoy with dignity, the acquisitions of his early years. Can there be any thing more vulgar than wealth and luxury without intellectual refinement; poverty of mind where all is richness—littleness of soul where all is splendor.

To the GENTLEMAN and man of leisure, these studies are indispensable. They are a fountain of pleasant imaginings, supply topics of reflection for the hours of repose, and provide fullness of ideas for intercourse with society. There is an intellectual elevation obtained from them that spurns low pursuits, and a satisfaction of spirit that disinclines the possessor of them to seek pleasure in the course, at the pit, the drinking club or the gaming table.

The objector will tell me that many men have risen to eminence who never read a line of the classics in the original tongue, and that much time would be saved by eonsulting translations of the works of antiquity. It is eertainly true that many men of strong original genius have been distinguished in literature without a knowledge of the ancient languages, just as some men have become exceedingly wealthy who began the world without means—yet this is no proof that educational training is unnecessary—or that the want of capital is advantageous to the merchant. It is a mark of wisdom to form opinions according to general rules—not according to the exceptions to the rules. We

know how great Shakspeare and a few others are, without classic learning—we know not how much greater they would have been, with it. The towering genius of Milton all will acknowledge—his sublime works will go down with the volume of inspiration to the remotest time—yet while he is no copyist, every page gives evidence of a most familiar knowledge and just appreciation of the writings of the ancients—contains some delicate beauty, some forcible illustration, some ingenious reflection, derived from those compositions to which he devoted his earlier years.

If the ancient classics are not read in the original, the virtue of the mental exercise is lost—that vigorous action, which, like the engagements of the palæstra, knits firmly the sinews and muscles of the mind. Besides this, if it is necessary to profit by perfect models, they are to be contemplated in the best light, and not when their beauties are obscured by the misty atmosphere of a translation. That they are perfect models, in oratory and historic writing, in lyric, epic, and dramatic composition, has been conceded by the intelligent of all ages; and that the beauties of a language abounding in metaphors, which embody, as it were, in sensual forms, the creations of the mind, and delighting in graceful compounds, can never be transfused into our tongue, must be owned by all who have the ability to form, and the candor to express, a just judgement. Therefore, in the language of Horace, we admonish you,

"Vos exemplaria Græca,
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna;"

and you will find with him who was great in action, as in counsel, in the senate and in the forum, wielding the consular fasces or enjoying the "otium cum dignitate" of his Tusculan villa—"Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem delectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent—delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

With a generous enthusiasm you have devoted your days and your nights, gentlemen, to liberal studies; within the precincts of

yonder temple, sacred to wisdom, you have seen in reality, the fabulous Panchaia of the happy islands, and in their works have contemplated the monuments of those consecrated to immortality, reared by their own sublime genius. You have delighted to sweep the dust of ages from the papyrus, and peruse its venerable records—the relics of ancient literature, sanctified by the touch of time, have enkindled a lively admiration of the beauties of Greece, and the colossal grandeur of Rome—you have investigated their polity, their laws, their religion, and from the whole have deduced principles

"To warm the genius and to mend the heart."

You have revelled in the riches of classic lore, and you have done well. But there is another Classic which I feel bound to commend to you, equally ancient in origin and interesting in narrative; equally chaste in style, and more sublime in its records, its philosophy and its precepts—the scriptures of the OLD and NEW TESTAMENT.

In this volume, you have a pleasant picture of the simplicity of the early ages, in all the flowing vivacity of Herodotus, without his fables—you have the exhibition of man in his political connexions and commotions—the spread of empire and the desolations of war—the achievements of men and the miracles of God—described with all the force and atticism of Thucydides, and the graces of Zenophon—you have a morality exactly suited to the nature and destiny of man, more elevated than ever came from the Portico or Academy—a system of laws and religion that far transcend the dreams of ancient sages –promulgated by him to whom power and dominion and adoration belong—every variety of composition, characterized by all the sublimities and beauties of style—of passion, of sentiment, and of action—the visions of the seer, the denunciations of the prophet, the teachings of the sage, the inspirations of the psalmist, the records of the evangelist, and the triumphs of the martyr—tending to inform the mind, move the sensibilities, refine the taste, and above all, purify the heart—fit it for the discharge of the duties of life, and for the

destinies of another and a better world. This classic, above all others, I would commend to you.

Compare its cosmogony with that of any who have dreamed upon this subject, either philosophers or poets—the Orphic egg of the Egyptians—the mud principle of Sanchoniatho, or the aqueous of Thales—the atoms of Epicurus, or the active and passive principles of Zeno, Plato and Aristotle—with the vainer imaginings of the poets—and you cannot hesitate for a moment to acknowledge the superiority of Moses' to that of all others—in truth and magnificence—the mighty God, by the word of his power, speaking the universe into existence—"He spake and it was done." "He commanded and it stood fast." But while all other cosmogonies are inferior to this, they attest its truth—the universality of the idea of the proper creation, carried by tradition into every portion of the habitable earth.

The chronology of the Bible, although disputed by those who have been guided by erroneous and contradictory eras, periods and divisions of time, and those who mistake the imaginations of science for realities—has been attested by concurrent prophane history, by astronomical calculations, and the discoveries of true science; and its historical facts are proved by the histories of other nations—by ruins, by monuments and medals.

Compare the commandments given to Moses with the laws of Solon, Minos, Lycurgus, Pythagoras or the ancient statutes of Egypt and of Rome—and while you will find them, at best, imperfectly suited to that particular people for whom they were made, you will find the requirements of the Decalogue of universal application, suited to the condition and character of every kindred and tongue—bearing upon them the broad seal of the sovereign KING of KINGS, to whom the world and the inhabitants thereof belong.

And while the systems of pagan theology that were the most rational, proposed a metaphysical worship which was above the comprehension of the ignorant, it is the beauty of the glorious system of the Bible, that the poor have the gospel preached to them; and that, while it has truths to employ the most lofty in-

telligence, "a way-faring man, though a fool, need not err" in comprehending its precepts. Imbue your hearts with its doctrines—obey its counsels—carry out its principles in thought, word and deed; and, sustained through the trials of life by its holy influences, you shall lie down in your graves in peace, with better hopes than ancient sages ever knew—secure of joys to which the brightest dreams of their Elysium are dim and fading.

You will be told by some that the Greek of the Old and New Testament is barbarous—believe it not!—that it has imperfections and errors of style. It is not the fact. Its peculiarities, even those that are condemned by the captious, its transitions, changes and irregularities, will be found, by the true scholar, to be parallel with those of the most refined Grecian authors. You who have drunk of the waters of Helicon, will not find those of "Siloa's brook, that flows fast by the Oracle of God," less invigorating, nor the dews of Hermon less sweet than those of the Aonian Aganippe. You who have listened to the ravings of the Sybil, and the wild frenzy of the Pythoness will rejoice to hear the seers of old, as they wildly sweep the harp to the oracles of God.

"Howl! ye ships of Tarshish, for it is laid waste—so that there is no house; no entering in. From the land of Chittim it is revealed to them. Be still ye inhabitants of the isle. Thou whom the merchants of Sidon that pass over the sea, have replenished. Be thou ashamed Oh! Sidon, for the sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea, saying I travail not nor bring forth children; neither do I nourish young men nor bring up maidens. Pass ye over to Tarshish! Howl ye inhabitants of the isle. Is this your joyous city whose antiquity is of ancient days? Her own feet shall carry her far off to sojourn. Pass through thy land as a river, O daughter of Tarshish, for there is no more strength."

If you have admired in the Chorus of Antigone, the attributes of the deity,

"Αγερῶς χρονῶ δυναστας
Κατεχεις Ολυμπου
Μαρμαρεσσαν αιγλαν,"

you will be more highly gratified with the same in the language of the Apostle:

Ο μακαριος και μονος δυναστης, ο Βασιλευς των βασιλευοντων, και
Κυριος των κυριευοντων; ο μονος εχων αθανασιαν; φως οικων απροσιτον.

If you have risen, with the sublimity of the Greeian bard, to Jove amid the clouds of Olympus, in reading the admired lines,

Η, και κυανεησιν επ' οφρυσι νευσε Κρονιων
Αμβροσιαι δ' αρα χαιται επερρωσαντο ανακτος
Κρατος απ' αθανατοιο μεγαν δ' ελελιξεν Ολυμπον;

you will rise, with the inspiration of the psalmist, to the Omnipotent who maketh the heaven of heavens his abode.

"Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet. He rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness that was before him, his thick clouds passed—hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice."

If commiseration of the unhappy exile has been awakened in your breast by the plaint of Melibœus,

"Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva
Nos patriam fugimus,"

your feelings will be more excited at the lament of the daughters of Zion, as they sit in sorrow by the waters of Babylon; or at the captivity of the young king of Israel—"Weep not for the dead, but for him that goeth away from his country, for he shall return no more."

If you have been pleased with the Doric reed of Theocritus and the mellow flute of Virgil, you cannot fail to enjoy the fervent, yet delicate passion of the pastoral of Solomon. If you have admired the epigrams of Martial, the golden sentences of Pythagoras, you will relish still more the precepts of Ecclesiastes and the Proverbs. If the elegiac strains of Tibullus and Ovid have excited tender sentiments of sorrow, your heart will be melted at the sorrows of the Saviour over Salem, the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the threnetic plaint of Hosea.

"Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how oft would I have gathered thy children

as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and they would not? Oh that thou hadst known in this the day of thy visitation, the things that belonged to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

"Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

"How shall I give thee up Oh Ephraim! how shall I deliver thee up Oh Israel! How shall I resign thee as Admah! How shall I make thee as Zeboim!"

If you have admired the social feelings of Scipio and Lælius, you will find a parallel in the fraternal affection of David and Jonathan; and will see friendship and grief sanctified by the Saviour, as he weeps at the grave of Lazarus. If you have been moved by the lament of Agamemnon over his wounded brother, the sympathies of the inmost soul will be stirred at the passionate grief of David, for the slain upon the mountains of Gilboa. Acquainted with the beauties of the wanderings of the king of Ithaca, you will relish, the more, the sublimities of the wanderings of the Israelites. Moved at the manner of the discovery of Ulysses, the waters of the soul will be stirred, when Joseph makes himself known to his brethren. Struck with pathetic interest at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, your emotions will be stronger as you stand with Abraham and Isaac, upon the mount of Moriah. Familiar with the histories of Clelia and Penthesilea, you will appreciate the daring of Jael, and the valor of Judith, as she unsheathes the sword of slaughter in the tent of Holofernes. Beholding the grandeur of the eagle as he bears the bolt of destruction to the throne of Jove, you will contemplate the purity of the dove, carrying to the ark the bough of mercy; or, on the shores of Jordan, bringing down the spirit of the Deity to sustain the soul of man amid the sorrows of a ruined world. Pleased with the maternal solicitude of Cornelia, in rearing the Gracchi to be "jewels" of pride, you will applaud the nobler ambition of the mother of Samuel, in seeking to make him a jewel worthy of the signet of the Lord. Impressed with sentiments of moral elevation at the devotion of Codrus and Marcus Curtius, for the good of their country, you will be filled with wonder and love at the conde-

scension of the incarnate God, as he gives himself a sacrifice for sin, upon the summit of Calvary, amid the tremblings of the earth and the astonishment of heaven; and, touched with the serenity and meekness of the dying Socrates, as he cheers his sorrowing *friends*, you will be dissolved in grief and love and admiration, as the expiring Saviour consoles the weeping daughters of Jerusalem and prays for his *enemies*.

Admirers of the beautiful allegories of the Greeks, you will have a double relish for those of Ecclesiastes, and other Hebrew writers. What can surpass the delicacy and beauty of the following one from the sacred volume:

"Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them: while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain. In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low. Also, when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Or ever the silver chord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to earth, as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Impressed with the beauty of the hymns of Callimachus, Orpheus and Cleanthes, your heart will go out to God in devotional fervor, in reading the song of Moses and Miriam, and the psalms of the Shepherd King. Versant with the natural history of Pliny and Aristotle, and appreciating their beauties of language, you will admire the striking descriptions to be met with in the book of Job.

"Behold, now, behemoth, which I made with thee: he eateth grass as an ox. Lo, now, his strength is in his loins; he moveth his tail like a

cedar. His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron."

"Hast thou given the horse strength; hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grass-hopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength—he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him; the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

"Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a chord which thou lettest down. Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons, or his head with fish spears. Who can open the doors of his face?—his teeth are terrible round about. His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal. By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning."

Familiar with the sublime beauties of the tragic muse in Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, you will find in the book of Job, a drama, the oldest in the world, and although irregular, equal in elevation to any that has ever been produced; and, fired with enthusiasm by the compositions of Pindar and Horace, you will be able to give its proper estimation to the ode of Deborah, and that grand lyric of Isaiah, relative to the king of Babylon.

"How hath the oppressor ceased; the golden city ceased! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke; he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee and the cedars of Lebanon, saying—Since thou art laid down no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth: it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee—Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken nations. For

thou hast said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north. I will ascend above the heights of the clouds: I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying: Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that did shake kingdoms: that made the world a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof: that opened not the house of his prisoners. All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and, as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit, as a carcass trodden under foot. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evil doers shall never be renowned. Prepare slaughter for his children, for the iniquity of their fathers; that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities. For I will raise up against them, saith the Lord of Hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name and remnant, and son and nephew. I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water, and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord."

In the celebrated ode to Napoleon, it will be perceived that Lord Byron has incorporated many of the above sublime images.

Such are a few of the beauties of the Bible; and, if its grand truths be found to rob poetry and mythology of some of their etherial fancies, it substitutes nobler truths, and sentiments equally chaste. If it has displaced cloud-compelling Jove from Olympus, it has placed the heavens under the care of him who "weigheth them in his balance," and "directeth his thunder under the whole heavens, and his lightning to the ends of the earth." If Aurora no longer opens the doors of the east, her office is performed by him "who causeth the day-spring to know his place." If the sun be no longer under the care of Apollo, it is guided by him "who hath set a tabernacle for the sun." If Diana has forgotten to lead her circlet in the heavens, it revolves at the bidding of him "who hath appointed the moon her seasons." If the sceptre of Eolus is broken, the winds are under the direction of him "who guides the whirlwind, and propels the storm"—"who maketh the clouds his chariot, and

walketh upon the wings of the wind." If the trident of Neptune no longer sways the sea, its billows heave beneath the eye of him who hath said to the deep, "thus far shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid." If Ceres has deserted the fields, they are under the care of him who has promised that "seed time and harvest shall succeed each other" to the end of time. If the vintage has ceased to ripen for Bacchus, it abounds for him, who "causeth wine, to make glad the heart of man." If Nemesis no longer bears the balances of the earth, they are transferred to him, "the habitation of whose throne is justice and judgement." If the Dryads have forsaken the groves, and the Naiads the streams, the voice of Deity is speaking to the heart, in the whisper of every tree, and the murmur of every fountain. If the Muses, that presided over the spheres, have abandoned the objects of their tutelar regard, they are still impelled by the hand that rounded them, and peal out the hymn in which they united, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." If Iris has ceased to be the messenger of the wrath of Juno, it has become the covenant of the mercy of Jehovah. If Pluto has resigned the guardianship of Hades, it is to him who "holds the keys of hell and death;" and, if the Lares and Penates have abandoned the threshold and hearthstone, their place is supplied by him who hath promised to make the habitation of the righteous his abode, and to dwell in the heart of the humble. If all the deities have vanished, before the light of truth and revelation, THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT reigneth.